THE

CRISIS.

NUMBER XXXII. To be continued Weekly

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1775. [Price Two-pence Half-penny

A ROUGH SKETCH
For the ROYAL ACADEMY.

SHUT not the Door, good *Hertford*, I'am but One,
A ſingle Sufferer can't alarm the THRONE.
No *Mayor* am I, no Sword and Mace I bring;
No *Suit prefer*, to terrify a KING.
No rude *Petition* in my Hand I bear;
I grieve in ſilence, I prefer no Pray'r,
Nor want the *Mouth-piece* of *Recorder Eyre* (1)
With no bent Knee I'll worſhip THRONES and STOOLS.
They who repeat this *Farce*, are *paſſive Fools*;
No *Lyes*, on my account, ſhall *Hertford* forge;
I'll wring (like *Beckford*,) no *Reply* from GEORGE.
Let him reply above, when Heav'n demands,
Thouſands of murder'd Subjects at his Hands,
Let him erect th' *impaling Stake* and *Wheel*;
Then ſeem *aſtoniſh'd* that his SLAVES can *feel*,
I'll force (like WILKES) no (2) Lines from *Mansfield's* Pen,
Which he's aſham'd of, when he thinks agen:
And courts his *pliant Maſter* to *diſclaim*
Mean *Hertford's* Pride—e'en let him take the Blame.

(1) This Man pitifully deſerted that patriotic Lord Mayor Mr. *Beckford*, when he went up with his firſt ſpirited Remonſtrance to the Throne, for which he has ſince been made a Baron of the Exchequer.

(2) Lord *Hertford's* late Letter to the *Lord Mayor*, penned by *Lord Mansfield*, and ſince appologized for, explained away, and in a Manner diſavowed by the Court, who in this Inſtance over-ſhot themſelves.

Let

Let *Laureat Whitehead* his Invention rack,
And deify a DOLT to earn his SACK;
Let *penſion'd Johnſon* toil, with aching Head,
To burniſh up in *Gold* a *Lump* of *Lead*;
In Verſe, or Proſe, I'll make no TYRANT vain,
Nor praiſe the Virtue of a NERO's Reign.
Sooner ſhall *Whitehead* in his Butt be drown'd,
And *Johnſon* be ador'd on (1) *Salem's Ground*;
Sooner ſhall *Bute* renounce the Name of Scot,
And *James's Claim* by *Mansfield* be forgot;
Sooner from *Court* ſhall Guilt and Vice depart;
KING, *Lords*, *and Commons* wear an honeſt Heart,
SOLOMON's Wiſdom in a FOOL be known,
And genuine TRUTH be utter'd from the THRONE.
No Slaviſh Doctrines from my Pen ſhall ſpring,
I'll *ſtrip* no Subject to dreſs out a *King*;
But ev'ry *Villain*, *penſion'd*, *plac'd*, *or crown'd*,
Shall on my Canvas, *like himſelf*, be found.
Burke, *Saville*, *Barre*, in my faithful Tints,
Shall ſee how *Meredith* and *Conway* ſquints;
Not with a Caſt which Nature gave their Eye,
But at round Sums, which on *North's* Table lie:
Let *theſe* but ſpeak, no Want of Votes appears;
They win the *Commons*, and ſecure the *Peers*.
Charm'd by theſe Spells ſee *Conway's* Vigour flag,
And frail Sir *William* graſp a *Treaſ'ry Bag*,
The *Baronet* for Wealth quits Honour's Courſe;
The Soldier takes but a *Regiment* of Horſe.
Penſion'd and Plac'd theſe *Quandam-Patriots* laugh;
One ſhakes his Purſe, and t'other wave's his (2) Staff,
Of every hopeful Plant are theſe the Fruits?
Can *North's* Breath blaſt *Britannia's* ſtrongeſt ſhoots?
The faireſt Virtue with Infection tinge,
And catch our *Eagles* in *Corruption's* Spring?
Safe from *North's* Lure can no firm *Patriot* fly?
Abroad, at *Home*, muſt FREEDOM *crouch* or die?
Crouch, like a patient Camel, at a Beck,
Till *George* aſcends his *Zenith* from her Neck?
Or elſe, in ſulky State, her Back beſtrides,
Whilſt *Bute* admires, how well his Scholar Rides?
How rich his Trappings! by ſhrewd *Grenville* vamp'd;
Supurb in (3) Rags and Sheep Skins duly ſtampt,
Permits and *Cockets*, in huge Holſters ſwag;
What Elephant ſo overwhelm'd could wag?
Tho' Taxes upon Taxes load the Pad,
Bute adds his Weight to make the Creature mad.

(1) In New England, where he was lately moſt deſervedly burnt in Effigy, for his infamous Pamphlet, *Taxation no Tyarnny*.

(2) As a General Officer.

(3) The Materials of Paper and Parchment—Alluding to Mr. *Granville's Stamp Act*, which created the firſt ill Blood in America.

To

To all her 'plaints affecting to be blind,
Th' *unfeeling Thane*, trys to get up behind.
But finding how ſhe Kicks and Flings for Eaſe,
Bids *North* unload full *half an Ounce of* TEAS (1)
North to his Charge repairs with nimble Feet,
But GEORGE with Turkiſh Firmneſs keeps his Seat;
Perſiſts, tho' *gen'ral Ruin* ſhou'd incurr,
And, as a Teſt to Spirit, adds the (2) Spur.
Not *Mars* himſelf, not *Moloch* ever made
So grim a Show, in *Human Blood array'd*
On ev'ry ſide, behind him, and before,
His dull Ears pierc'd with Groans, he rides in GORE;
Smiling he views *Deſtruction* raging round,
And *brave Boſtonians* biting *Freedom's Ground.*
How is *this God* in Extaſy diſſolv'd,
To ſee ev'n Infants in Death's Snares involv'd!
Th' *expiring Babe* cling to it's *Mother*'s Side,
To find thoſe milky Streams which FAMINE dry'd.
Famine let looſe on ev'ry Sex and Age,
To ſooth a TYRANT'S Impotence and Rage,
Himſelf a Father, yet wants Senſe to feel,
And in the Suppliant ſheaths his murd'rous Steel.
Thus are you Drawn, Great Sir, but not by (3) *Dance*;
By Royal Hands—by *Pruſſia*, *Spain*, and *France*,
The *firſt* to *Hanover*, extends his Eye,
Some Kings are born to fight and ſome to (4) CRY.
The *other Pow'r* deludes *you* till the Time,
Comes to ſupplant *you* in the Free-er (5) Clime
The *Third* perceives you're *cruel*, *proud*, and *dull*,
In Heart a *Pidgeon*, and in Wit a *Gull*;
She laughs to ſee you throw the Sov'reign by,
To feed through Optic Tubes your vacant Eye;
To ſee you ſpurn God's Laws, on Subjects War,
Yet pry into thoſe Laws which guide a Star,
To ſee you gape at Planets while they ſtray,
And take Old Saturn, for the *Milky Way*;
To think how little that poor Prince muſt know,
Who bays the *Moon*, when he ſhould look below.
To ſee how KINGS in privacy appear,
When *Baubles* claim the Heart, their Eye, their Ear;
When Wiſdom's Fruits in Royal *Toyſhops* grow;
Pictures for Study plac'd, and Books for ſhow.
At *Kew* the World admires your great Deſigns,
Where (6) Cielings glory in your Princely Lines;
Not Lines which ſpeak a Genius for rude Wars,
But ſuch as *Mimic Wheaten Straws* and *Stars*.

(1) Alluding to the ridiculous Reduction upon that Commodity, by Way of Lenitive.
(2) The Spur of Famine, Slaughter, and Deſolation.
(3) The Painter.
(4) Lord Mansfield and Lord Hertford can explain this.
(5) America.
(6) A Fact.

Thro'

Thro' *George's* Works what ſplendid Fancy roves,
Adorning ſhady Temples, and Alcoves!
Not leſs he charms amidſt a Levee full;
So ſtalks among tame Sheep the ſurly Bull.
Tho' *France* trips neater round the courtly Ring,
France can't diſplay ſuch *Buttons* as *our* KING.
Buttons by no inferior Genius wove,
Or plann'd—divinely wrought—and fit for Jove.
Buttons projected by *Great Britain*'s Sire;
He drew the Model, and *he* choſe the *Wire*,
Minerva's Self cloſe by the Artiſt lurk'd,
And ſecretly inſpir'd him as he work'd.
Let *Pruſſia*'s Hero ape the God of War;
We boaſt a greater *Mars*, a bolder *Tar*,
With *Pruſſian* Camps *Blackheath*, *Hyde Park*, ſhall vye,
At *Portſmouth-Lights*, our *Neptune* ſcorns to fly.
Does *Sandwich*, or a God, the Trident hold?
How *Britiſh Fleets* ſtream (like Twelfth Cakes) with Gold!
The Cannon's touch'd—what Soul unchill'd by Fear,
This prelude to a dreadful Fight can hear!
What earthly Prince can ſtand the furious ſhock,
Without a *cold Collation*, and *Old Hock*!
Yet GEORGE, ſerenly calm, in Smoak and Blaze,
On *Sandwich*'s pale Cheek with ſmiles can gaze;
Breathes Courage into *Talbot*, and cheers up
His *Bully Denbigh*, with another Cup.
Tho' in the Midſt of Battle's fiery Flakes,
No Terrors check his Royal Guſt for—Cakes.
O happy *England*! did you know your Bliſs,
When to your Sov'reign, no Toils come amiſs,
Now, in *Hyde Park* in Battle's heat he rides;
To Morrow, within Shore, a Navy guides;
Bids his *Firſt Rates* diſdain all Thoughts of *Fear*,
Nor ſtrike—unleſs a *Spaniſh Frigate's* near.
Since thus in hair-breadth Scapes *George* draws his Breath,
For *Public Good*, what *Tears* muſt wait his Death!
Ev'n ſuch as *He* for (1) *Yorke's* Deſtruction ſhed;
So weeps the *Crocodile* on *Nilus* bred.
The *Criſis* then ſhall mourn in *fun'ral Verſe*,
And hang with *Elegies* her *Patron's Hearſe*.
The *Nation* then uſurping (2) *Garter's* Place,
Shall in mute Scutcheons *blazon forth* her *Caſe*.
See, in juſt Colours, what a Piece diſplays
The State of *England's* Bliſs in *George's* Days!
Here *ſtanding Force* all *Civil Power* confounds,
And *naked Allen's* cover'd o'er with Wounds;
Corruption there her unmaſk'd Viſage ſhews,
And tries to make *Elections free* by *Blows*.
Balf and *M' Quirk* adorn *Sir* (3) *Beauchamp's* Side,
Their *Courage* cooly view, their *Laws* decide;

(1) "*Kill the next Piercy yourſelf, my Lord.*"
(2) King at Arms.
(3) Sir *W. Beauchamp Proctor*---at the Middleſex Election.

Secure

Secure of *Pardon* ere their Work began,
With *royal Leave*, they *murder* all they can.
A *Treaſ'ry Bribe* gives their *hir'd Rage* an Edge,
And for their *Penſions North* becomes a Pledge.
A *warmer Canvas* ſhews *Bute's riſing Sun*;
A *vicious Mother*, and a *Prince* undone;
She ſmiles at Poſtures *Aretino* gives;
He's taught to liſp "*a King's Prerogatives.*"
The *Baby* learns to *weedle*, *weep*, and *lye*;
And with a Frown, puts *Magna Charta* by.
Theſe are the Fruits of *Perfidy* and *Luſt!*
Thus *Bute* proves true to *England* and his *Truſt!*
Nor in the Story is *ſly Mansfield's* Plot
Againſt our *Laws* and *Liberties* forgot;
(Mansfield) who moulds a *Jury* till they pleaſe;
Who in a *Court of Law* makes *Scotch Decrees*;
Who bids the Criminal (1) HIMSELF BETRAY,
And makes *Records* (2) ſpeak what he'd have 'em ſay.
Brave Wilkes confronts him with a *Patriot-Face*,
And in ſtrong Colours tells his Country's Caſe.
In the *back Ground* ſee the STAR CHAMBER plac'd,
Hung round with *Hands*, *Ears*, *Tongues*, *Records eras'd.*
Envenom'd MANSFIELD at the CRISIS ſpits,
And Smiles whilſt *Ketch* the Writer's Noſtrils (3) ſlits.
There *Fame* reports the Wrongs that *Thickneſs* feels (4)
And *ſervile Apſley* weeps to loſe the *Seals.*
Now ſee where *Luſt of Power* wild Havock makes,
And every Frame, but *pious Nero's* ſhakes!
The Artiſt, finiſhing what *Bute* firſt plann'd,
Purſues his Subject with a trembling Hand;
Rolls thro' the Piece *ſad Maſſachuſett's* Flood,
Her Ruins ſmoaking, and her Fields in Blood.
Driven to Deſpair, ſee *Boſtonian's Genius* riſe!
To wipe the Fear from all her Chi dren's Eyes.
Liberty leads 'em to the tented Field,
And *Virtue* guards 'em with a heav'nly Shield.
Behold her Troops their daſtard Foes ſurprize!
And at her Head *another Cromwell* riſe.
How long will *Gage's* flimſy Force endure!
Ticonderoga (5) and *Crown Point* are ſure:
Freedom's awake, whilſt *Tyranny's* ſecure.
(6) *Chriſt's Vicar* triumphs in this fruitful Wreck,
And arms his *pious Children* at *Quebec*; (7)
Not with vain Weapons of *corporeal* Steel,
But with *Anathema's*, which *Souls* may feel;

(1) By adminiſtring *Star Chamber Interrogatories.*
(2) In Wilkes's Caſe *he* had the *daring Aſſurance* to eraſe and alter a *Record* upon *his own Authority only*, without *Writ of Error.*
(3) The Court of *Star Chamber* often ordered theſe Members to be cut off.—Noſtrils to be ſlit, *&c.*
(4) See the *Criſis* No. VII. and No. X.
(5) Theſe important Places were taken by the brave *Americans*, whilſt their Enemy were aſleep in their Beds.
(6) The *Pope.*
(7) Where we have eſtabliſhed *Popery* by Act of Parliament.

Wit

With *Pardons* to thoſe Babes of heav'nly Stamp,
Who ſhall contrive to Poiſon (1) *Putnam's* Camp;
Within the Laws of *Holy War* ſhall keep,
And bravely murder *Heriticks aſleep.*
His Holineſs thinks *England* may be won,
And hopes to make of *George* another (2) *John.*
Whilſt thus diſturb'd th' enrag'd *Atlantic* flows,
Britannia too is plung'd in *Civil Woes.*
Sound Policy her Streets with Slaughter fills,
And *Perſeverence* multiplies her *Ills*;
Corruption pulls the Work of Ages down,
And *Juſtice* from a *Tyrant* tears his *Crown.*
Powr's furious Storms, *Wars*, *Famines*, Terrors paſt,
America's bright Sun breaks forth at laſt.
With *Vict'ry* ſee the cloſing Story fill'd;
Boſtonians free, their fertile Fields re-till'd;
Their *Senate* ſeated—not *in Tears* to ſave
Their *ſuppliant Sons* from *Famine* and the *Grave*;
But *independent*—to pronounce that *Law*,
Which ſhall, in Times to come, keep *Kings* in Awe;
Their native Kings—no more to *Britain bound*,
But Maſters of *themſelves* on happier Ground;
Not gall'd by Chains beneath a *Tyrant's* Gripes,
Nor meanly crouching under *ſlaviſh Stripes*;
No more inſulted by a *butchering Band*,
But Guardians of their *Rights* and *native Land*;
America no more ſhall bend the Knee,
Bleſs'd in a State that's *virtuous*, *rich*, and *free*,
And well-divided from *her Foes* by Sea.
No longer for a *Britiſh Vaſſal* known,
But boaſting *Laws*, *Fleets*, *Armies*, *Kings*, *her own.*
In Pray'r *ſhe* turns to Heav'n her thankful Eyes;
To Heav'n, that bids *her* now to *Empire* riſe;
Lays at her Feet the *Tyrant*, and his *Tax*,
A Body *headleſs*, and a wreeking *Ax.* (3)

C A S C A.

(1) An American General.
(2) K. *John*---an abjeſt Dupe to the *Pope*, and a Tyrant to his Subjects.
(3) If the *American* Scene ſhould cloſe *thus*, it will be the fulleſt and *beſt* Anſwer that can be given to that *vile miniſterial Pamphlet*, *Taxation*, no *Tyranny*; written to pleaſe a *fooliſh Tyrant*, juſtify an *impious trembling Miniſtry*, and delude an *inſulted*, *patient*, *Nation.*

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